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AB-O'-TH'-YATE ON LIFE INSURANCE.

(From "Ab-o'-th'-Yate's Life Policy.")
(Continued from our last.)

"Oh, very well; we'll see what we can do," said the doctor, seizing a chair, and seating himself within a few inches of our friend. "Rather prepossessing, I must say. What business do you follow?" To Ab.

"I'm a wayver, if you coen that a bizness," was the reply.

"Hand-loom, or power-loom?"

"Hont."

"Married, or single?"

"Ay."

"What am I to understand by that? *Married?*"

"Rayther."

"How many children?"

"Six."

"All healthy?"

"Yo'd think so if yo seed 'em reaund th' porritch dish."

"Are you strictly sober?"

"Well, I've nobbut had three gills, an' two on 'em wur fourpenny."

"I don't ask you how much you've drunk today; I meant to say—are you of a sober habit? Do you ever get drunk?"

"A *bit*—sometimes—nowt eaut o' th' way. I manage to get i' singin' fettle abeaut once a week or so."

"What do you mostly drink."

"I stick to honest fourpenny."

"Never drink spirits?"

"A sope o' rum i' my tae every kessunin', that's o."

"Have you had the small-pox?"

"Nawe; nor dunno want to have 'em."

"Have you been vaccinated?"

"Don yo meean nockilated?"

"Yes."

"I dunno know: I've had warts, if thoose are owt i' yo'r road."

But warts were not in the examiner's way; so to proceed he went over a long list of diseases, asking the applicant if he had ever been afflicted with any of them, to which the latter replied, in each instance, with a decided negative. Among the rest, had he ever suffered from gout?

Ab grinned. "Whoaever knew a wayver ha' *gout!*" he said, emphasising the last word very strongly. "I never knew nobbut one ut ever *pur-tended* to have it; un it wur thowt he did it for swagger, to mak' folk believe he're in wi' th' quality."

"Did you ever suffer from headache?"

"Not as oft as I could like."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, if ever I've th' yed-wartch, it's when I've bin atin' an' drinkin' summat ut's bin too good for my stomach. I ha' no' getten a *quality* stomach, yo' seen, so conno' manage quality stuff. I're born wi' a workin'-mon's inside; but I like quality livin,' too."

"Have you parents living?"

"Nawe: they went to their reckonin' some years sin."

"What were the causes of death?"

"Shortness o' wynt."

"Do you mean disease of the lungs?"

"Nawe: they ailt nowt nobbut owd age. They stopt like two clocks when th' weights are run deawn."

"Any of your relatives died of consumption?"

"Well, I'd an uncle once, ut they said deed o' *greedy* consumption, that's o."

"You appear to be of a healthy stock."

"Ay: if everybody wur as hearty as we are, th' like as yo' ud be clemmed to deeath straight forrad, unless we kept yo' for curiosities, same as peeple' Guinea pigs."

"Well, if you please," said the medical gentleman, with a good-humoured laugh, "I'll examine your chest. Would you mind taking off your coat and waistcoat?"

(To be continued.)

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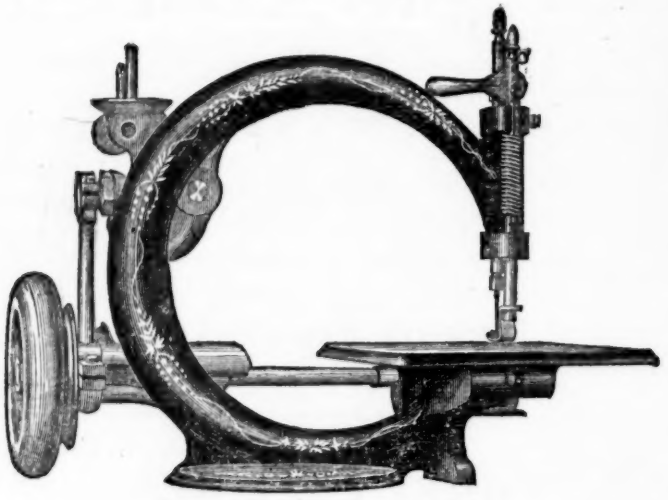

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MASKS AND FACES AT THE PRINCE'S.

PLAYS illustrative of the private lives of celebrated actors and actresses have long been favourite subjects for the exercise of the dramatist's art. Of these dramas none have been more popular in modern times than *The Tragedy Queen* and *Masks and Faces*, having Mrs. Bracegirdle and Peg Woffington for their respective heroines. *Masks and Faces*, adapted from Mr. Charles Reade's novel, founded on an episode in the life of Peg Woffington, the famous actress and *ci-devant* orange girl, is one of the most charming of modern comedies. Like all Mr. Reade's works, it is full of bone and muscle, and characterized by his usual thoroughness. The play, which consists of two compact acts, has been admirably adapted from the story by Mr. Reade himself and Mr. Tom Taylor, and has been familiar to playgoers for some years through the conspicuous agency and ability of Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. John Wood, and Miss Amy Sedgwick, all of whom have pourtrayed the character of Mistress Woffington with marked success.

Mrs. Calvert did well to select *Masks and Faces* for her benefit on Monday evening, and was rewarded by a good house. The part of Peg Woffington is full of light and shade, and gives excellent scope for good acting. The comedy has been repeated during the greater part of the week, and has been greatly relished by appreciative if not large audiences. Mrs. Calvert dresses and looks the part of the brilliant, merry, kindhearted, honest, brave Peg Woffington to the life, and whether in the early scenes where she proudly owns her love for Ernest Vane, or afterwards when she discovers his perfidy, or in conquering the resentment and yielding to her generous impulses, wins him back to his ill-used wife, she is equally successful. The ruse which Peg plays upon the critics in the picture scene, and her discomfiture of those censors when she cuts out the head of the portrait and inserts her own bright face in its place, was very effective and highly enjoyed by the audience. Indeed Mrs. Calvert was equally successful in raising their laughter or beguiling them of their tears, and pocket-handkerchiefs were in frequent and surreptitious use. No less happy were the scenes with Triplet, both in her first interview, where the mutual recognition takes place, and subsequently when she goes to relieve the poor broken-down author of discarded tragedies. In the latter scene Mrs. Calvert's hearty homely acting was of the best description. Ordering Triplet to take off his coat and commence carving a huge pie, she seizes the well-worn garment, and deftly sets to work with needle and thread, and patches a large hole which appears to have escaped the observation of the somewhat thriftless Mrs. Triplet, of whom her husband, in confidence to Peg, complains that she is deficient in a sense of humour. Let it be remembered that all these scenes, including a jig which she dances with the children, are gone through by the kind-hearted Peg Woffington with an assumed gaiety which all the time covers an aching heart. Mrs. Calvert brings out the light and shade of the character with great effect, and we congratulate her upon her success.

Mr. Swinbourne represented Poor Triplet—a part somewhat out of his usual line—with care and judgment. Triplet, the broken down actor, who was fortuitously hissed in one of his own tragedies which was "accidentally damned," and afterwards betook himself to writing plays and painting anything down to a signboard, is a character which enlists the sympathies of an audience from first to last. An actor of Mr. Swinbourne's experience and stage knowledge could not fail to render it effective, but we were surprised that he did not make himself up to represent the part better, in a physical point of view. Triplet was well nigh broken-hearted and half-starved; Mr. Swinbourne looked lugubrious enough certainly, but his fasting seemed to have agreed with him, for he looked as stout and lusty as if the beefsteak pie and good wine, provided for him by his benefactress, were his everyday fare. This incongruity was the only, but a serious, drawback to Mr. Swainbourne's performance.

The comedy, as a whole, rather overtasks the company of the Prince's Theatre, as it is at present constituted; nevertheless they managed to get through it creditably. Miss Bickerstaff, who looks younger than her mother, and that is saying a great deal, made her first appearance at this theatre as Mrs. Vane, and played very well indeed. Although very petite in figure, and somewhat fragile, this young lady shows much promise, and when she acquires more confidence, and the repose which necessarily follows, we doubt not that she will establish herself as a recognized favourite. Mrs. Clifford Cooper had little to do as Kitty Clive, but that little was done with her usual discrimination. Mr. Haywell was an efficient Sir Charles Pomander. In such characters as this, and the pompous personage whom he represented in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, he is much more effective than in the parts of the "high reaching Buckingham" and the Prince of Mantua, which he has been representing this season. Mr. Maynard's melodramatic style is not suited for juvenile parts, and he seems ill at ease in them. His scowls at the pit and stalls were withering, but we presume it was not those terrible glances, but a fierce tornado which swept across the house, which compelled the denizens of those regions to beat a precipitate retreat and seek shelter in a more congenial climate. Something must be wrong in the arrangements which compel gentlemen to put on their hats and button themselves up to the chin, and ladies to wrap themselves up in furs and sables, in order to resist the rigours of the prevailing blasts. Mr. Lunt, from Liverpool, represented old Colley Cibber very well, and the atrabiliousness of Mr. Chapman as the critic Sneer, was very amusing. The excellent epilogue was well spoken by all the characters, particularly by Mr. Swinbourne.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

JAMES KING, THE NAVIGATOR.

COMPANION of Captain Cook in the third and last of his voyages, and part historiographer of that famous expedition, James King was born at Clitheroe, in 1750. He came of a Yorkshire stock—a "respectable and ancient family, long resident at Skellands, in the Deanery of Craven." His father was Incumbent of Clitheroe at the time of the navigator's birth, and rose afterwards to be Chaplain to the House of Commons, and Dean of Raphoe, in Ireland. The incumbent of Clitheroe had taken to wife "Anne, daughter and co-heiress of John Walker, of Hangrill, in the parish of Bolton;" and by her he had five sons, of whom James was the second. The elder, Thomas, and the third, Walker, entered the Church. The former became Prebendary of Canterbury; the latter (Walker) was one of the intimate friends and executors of Edmund Burke, and he died Bishop of Rochester. The fourth son, Edward, lived to be Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The younger, John, went to the bar, which he quitted in 1789 for an official career. He was successively Under-Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, and Comptroller of Army Accounts. Thus the curate of Clitheroe and his sons made, all of them, more or less, some figure or reached some altitude in the world.

Though by no means the fool of the family, "young Jamie went to sea." At the age of 12, he was taken from the grammar school of Clitheroe, and entered the navy as a midshipman, "under the patronage of his near relative, Captain Norton, a brother of the first Lord Grantley." It was about the time when, with the Seven Years' War coming to a close, the world was to enjoy a little peace, so that there were no laurels to be gained by the British midshipman just then. "During the peace," says King's hitherto solitary biographer, "which followed the accession of George III. to the throne, he served successively under the command of Lord Rodney, Sir Hugh Palliser, and the Earl of St. Vincent. By those distinguished officers he was patronized and highly esteemed, and by the last he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant." The young lieutenant seems to have grown tired of a life on shipboard in time of peace, and he was of a studious and enquiring turn. In 1774 he left active, or inactive, service, and betook himself to Paris, to learn French and improve himself in science. His younger brother, Walker, was

then a member of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and by his influence the studious young lieutenant of four or five and twenty was permitted, after a sojourn in France, to reside in that college, and there still further repair the deficiencies of his early-arrested education. His mathematical enthusiasm and proficiency attracted the attention of the University Professor of Astronomy, Dr. Hornsby; and it was not long before King unexpectedly reaped some acceptable fruit from his meritorious application and zeal for self-improvement.

Two years after his migration from Paris to Oxford, it was resolved by the Admiralty to fit out an expedition for the discovery of the North-west Passage. Like a Sindbad of real life, Captain Cook (*ætat* 48) was then resting on his laurels in a snug berth, with which he had been rewarded in Greenwich Hospital, for the toils endured and the discoveries made in his famous voyages of 1767-71, and 1772-4. The promoters of the expedition could not bring themselves, much as they wished for his services, to invite him to leave his well-earned haven of repose, and face the perils of Arctic voyaging. But to consult him concerning the project and the agent fittest to undertake it was another matter, and he formed one of a dinner-party given by Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, to discuss the objects and prospects of the expedition. As the talk went on, and the promise and magnitude of the scheme unfolded themselves, the heart of the stout navigator began to burn within him like that of the Tennysonian Ulysses, and starting to his feet he vowed that he would command the expedition. The offer was joyfully accepted, and forthwith all the needful arrangements were gone into. Among them was the nomination of a person qualified to make the observations, nautical and astronomical, indispensable in the programme of such an expedition. Captain Cook, and Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal, the former a self-taught scientific observer, the latter one of the creators of modern nautical astronomy (and then just on the point of starting the *Nautical Almanack*), were commissioned, in conjunction with the Board of Longitude, to choose the man for the job. The young lieutenant's hour was come. The Professor of Astronomy at Oxford was consulted, and he recommended the accomplished mathematician, the naval inmate of Corpus Christi. King eagerly closed with the offer which was made to him, all the more cheerfully that he was a naval officer, the British tar having been found on former voyages more serviceable in scientific work when ordered about by a naval man than by a land-lubber, pure and simple, and however versed in nautical astronomy. On the 11th of July, 1776, the *Resolution* sailed from Plymouth, with King on board as second lieutenant, and commanded by Captain Cook, who was destined never to return. The companion-vessel, the *Discovery*, followed on the arrival of its commander, Captain Clerke, and his last (and uncompleted) voyage this was also to be.

At the beginning of 1777, the *Discovery* and *Resolution*, in pursuance of instructions, were skirting the southern shores of Van Diemen's Land, our Tasmania. Tasmania is now a pleasant English colony, in a state of arrested development, but none the less pleasant, perhaps, on that account; and only a few months ago there appeared a little volume, *The Last of the Tasmanians*, chronicling the extinction of its aboriginal population. Less than a hundred years have passed since this visit of Cook's to it, and then he did not know it to be an island, but fancied it to be the southern extremity of Australia, his New Holland. Not a European was settled in it, and the naked blacks who peopled it, in the lowest stage of barbarism, a very little higher than the brutes, were objects of great astonishment to King and his fellow officers, when they landed occasionally in quest of wood or water. From Van Dieman's Land to New Zealand, the voyagers sailed next, and convinced themselves of the cannibalism of the New Zealanders, progenitors of the troublesome Maories of to-day. Away, then, northwards, the little barks careered, cruising about among "summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea," until sailing northward towards the Tropic of Cancer, a new archipelago was discovered by the delighted Cook, and the grateful commander christened it, as a memorial of the First Lord of the Admiralty at home, the Sandwich Islands. Away, again, far northwards went the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, through Behring's Straits to Cape North. The ice barred their further progress, and they had to return, Cook gladly availing himself of this compulsion to revisit his new discovery, the Sandwich Islands. When they arrived in Karrakooa Bay, of Owyhee, the modern Hawaii, a thousand canoes were paddled round the ships, "most of them crowded with people, and well-laden with hogs and other productions of the Island." "I had nowhere," says Cook, "in the course of my voyage, seen so numerous a body of people assembled at one place, For, besides those who had come off to us in canoes, all the shore of the bay was crowded with spectators, and many hundreds were swimming round the ships like shoals of fish. We could not but be struck with the singularity of this scene; and perhaps there were few on board who now lamented our having failed in finding a northern passage homeward last spring. To this disappointment we owed our having it in our power to revisit the Sandwich Islands, and to enrich our voyage with a discovery which, though the least, seemed, in many respects, to be the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans, throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean."

Curiously enough, these are the final words in Cook's journal of his proceedings. The remainder of the classic record which chronicles his voyages is from the pen of his then second lieutenant, who all the time since the *Resolution* weighed anchor in Plymouth Sound had been busy, scientifically and practically, determining the longitude "by the watch" and lunar observations, recording the dip of the magnetic needle, the variations of the compass, and all the rest of it, in the intervals of a lieutenant's ordinary business aboard ship and on shore, trafficking with the natives for provisions, and superintending detachments of men sent from the ship to hew wood and draw water. King's disposition was mild and amiable, as his commander's was stern and rather harsh. Cook's sternness had worked wonders with the natives of Oceania, but he exhibited it once too often. After a few weeks of feasting and kindly intercourse with the Sandwich Islanders, the ships took leave, as they thought, of the bay, looking up to a rising ground of cultivated fields and groves of cocoa-nut, near which King had erected his astronomical observatory. The natives were not sorry to get rid of the visitors, whose consumption of pork and sweet potatoes had been large; and to such guests nothing could be refused. After they had left, however, a gale came on which damaged the masting and rigging of the *Resolution*, and it was found necessary to run in somewhere and refit. In an unlucky hour, Cook determined to return to Karrakooa Bay, and when the ship arrived there, all was changed. No longer were there swarms of canoes and swimmers to greet the white man, but silence and solitude; and on inquiry, it was found that the chiefs and priests had placed the bay under *taboo*, the one word with which the dialect of the Sandwich Islands has enriched our noble British tongue. Then began pilfering by the natives and retaliations by the crew—stone-throwing of the dusky islanders, answered by musketry-shot from the white strangers. The seizure of the *Discovery's* cutter brought Cook himself into action, and he landed, clumsily supported by the boats behind, to be murdered by the crowd of savages on shore, whom the death of one of their chiefs, from a stray musket shot, had exasperated into madness. King was standing, with half a dozen marines, in guard of the observatory, which he had anew erected, a short mile from the scene of the catastrophe, and saw distinctly the "immense crowd collected on the spot where Captain Cook had just before landed." "We heard," he says, "the firing of the musketry, and could perceive some extraordinary bustle and agitation in the multitude. We afterwards saw the natives flying, the boats retire from the shore, and passing and repassing in great stillness between the ships. I must confess that my heart soon misgave me;" and with reason, for Cook was being butchered. The tragedy which closed the life of the great navigator was enacted on the 2nd of July, 1778. Again, a hundred years have now elapsed since the Sandwich Islands were first visited by Europeans, and already Cook's prediction is being fulfilled. Honolulu is becoming a great oceanic entrepôt, and a Queen from the Sandwich Islands—Christianized, civilized, and constitutionalized after a fashion—was not very long ago one of the lions or lionesses of a London season.

King himself escaped from *terra firma* to ship-board not without difficulty and danger, and became first lieutenant of the *Resolution* by the removal of his senior to the command of the *Discovery*, vacated by Captain Clerke, who was now at the head of the expedition. Again they steered to the north, and once more passed through Behring's Straits, only a second time to be driven back by continents of floating ice. Returning by the coast of Kamskatchka, Captain Clerke died of a lingering consumption, and First-Lieutenant King, of the *Resolution*, became commander of the *Discovery*. Clerke's death happened in the

August of 1779. Towards the end of September they reached Macao, and heard for the first time from the Portuguese governor of the War of American Independence, of war between Great Britain and France; and the gallant King describes the feeling of "poignant regret" which filled the English hearts of officers and crews "at finding ourselves cut off, at such a distance, from the scene, where, we imagined, the fate of fleets and armies was everywhere deciding." Unmolested and unmolesting—for both the French government and the American Congress had given orders that the vessels of the great Captain Cook's expedition should be allowed to pass everywhere, without let or hindrance—they steered for home. On the 4th of October, 1780, the *Resolution* and *Discovery* once more floated in British waters, and dropped anchor at the Nore, after an absence of rather more than four years.

The patriotic aspirations which had fired Captain King at Macao were gratified when he returned home, crowned with a mild glory of his own, which might have been more brilliant but for the general excitement caused by a war with the American colonies, with France, and with Spain. Captain King was appointed to the command of the *Crocodile* sloop of war, and afterwards to that of the *Resistance*, a 46-gun frigate. While commanding the *Resistance*, and conveying to the West Indies a large fleet of merchantmen which a French squadron had been despatched from Brest to intercept or to pursue, he gave at once of his daring and of his scientific skill a proof which furnishes the one surviving anecdote of his later naval career. His ships and convoy were within 50 leagues, as he computed, of Jamaica; night was coming on, and a fierce gale began to blow. The French fleet, there was reason to believe, had passed him and was ahead of him. If he sailed right through the night, he might pass the much stronger enemy unobserved, and reach Kingston with his convoy in safety. The masters of the merchantmen convoyed insisted that they were only a few leagues from the coast, and that if instead of lying-to during the night, he made for land through strong wind and heavy sea, they would in all probability be wrecked. On the one hand was the disgrace of capture, on the other, the danger of destruction to a valuable merchant fleet. Thinking nothing of his own life, and confident of the accuracy of his reckoning, he went on board a small armed vessel, and stood for the coast, ordering the others to keep only in such proximity to him that his lights might be seen and signal guns be heard; if fixed signals of distress were observed they were to disperse. Sailing right onward in the rear of the gallant King, they arrived with day-break safely after him in the harbour of Kingston. No sooner had they reached it than they saw to windward the French squadron, which captured several of the merchantmen whose masters had distrusted King's assurances and disobeyed his orders. The anxiety of that one night is said to have turned his hair from brown to grey.

He returned to England at the close of the war in 1782, with his health much impaired by the hardships of six years of such voyaging and such cruising. Symptoms of consumption displayed themselves, and he lived only a year or two after his return. He left, however, complete for publication, the narrative of the last voyage of the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, of which he wrote the continuation from the point where the hand of Captain Cook had paused for ever. The style of his instalment, though grave and precise, is easier and pleasanter than that of his great commander and predecessor, with whom to be thus associated in the authorship of so enduring a record of famous voyaging secures permanence for King's modest reputation.

As already said, his younger brother, Walker, was a friend of Edmund Burke, and was indeed for a time private secretary to that statesman's eminent patron, Lord Rockingham. Burke seems to have extended to the elder the friendship which he undoubtedly felt for the younger brother, and it is said that from the time when the symptoms of the consumption of which he died were first conspicuous, James King "was an almost constant inmate in the house of Mr. Burke." Dr. Walker King contributed to the first edition of Baines' *History of Lancashire* materials for the brief memoir of James King, published in that work in its original form, and in which the following passage is given as a quotation from a letter of Burke's. Due search has been made in Burke's published correspondence, but neither these nor any other traces of the statesman's friendship for the voyager are to be found in it, though it contains ample indications of his intimacy with Walker King. "In truth," Burke is described as writing to a common friend soon after the death of the navigator, "in truth, James King was made and singularly framed to inspire confidence and attachment. His temper was admirable He reconciled to him the people wherever he went. There was hardly an island visited by Cook in which the natives did not press him to remain with them. . . . At the Cape of Good Hope he made an excursion deep into the country. There, too, he made his way, as he did everywhere, without design or effort. He became intimately acquainted with the principal planter of the country, who, observing to him that his constitution seemed weak, and that their country made people healthy and robust, advised him to take up his residence there. For the purpose of inducing him to stay, this respectable gentleman offered him a considerable plantation as a settlement, and one of his daughters in marriage. . . . He was nursed in the declining state of his health by my wife with more assiduity than success."

At the early age of 32, in the October of 1784, James King died, and was buried at Nice, whither, by the advice of his physicians, he had repaired in the summer of the preceding year. In Clitheroe Church, the parish church of his native town, and in which, too, his father ministered, a tablet, with a suitable inscription, briefly commemorates and records the merits of this Lancashire worthy, cut off prematurely in his prime.

AGENTS AND PACKMEN IN COURT.

WE give Mr. R. Sowler, Q.C., a hearty slap on the back. He was sitting for the County Court Judge at Oldham, the other day, when the judgment summonses having been called, and a certain "debt agent" having appeared to prove a debt, Mr. Mellor drew his Honour's attention to the fact. His Honour, without hesitation, said, "Thank you. Strike off every one of the cases in which agents appear. They have no business to appear as advocates." Mr. Preston, the aforesaid agent, persisting in being heard, the Judge threatened to order him into custody, and proceeded to denounce a system by which a number of respectable men, expensively educated, were struggling for an existence, whilst a parcel of illiterate and idle men were taking the bread out of their mouths, and at the same time cheating the persons they represented. How far his Honour's remarks were applicable to the case before him we do not know, and do not care particularly to enquire. We will make a few remarks upon the system presently.

A packman then brought on two cases as agent, and said he had bought the debts. Here was some discussion about power of attorney, which has only a technical interest. Mr. Mellor, who had made the objection in the first instance, proceeded to describe the system of purchasing debts. He referred to the way orders were obtained from the wives of debtors; then he said after the debt collectors had obtained their judgments in the County Court, an auction was held at Manchester, at which persons who had nothing to do with selling the goods bought the debts, or put the screw on poor people by judgment summonses. He also graphically described the effects he had seen of the misery caused. It appeared, however, to be admitted that if a man came with legal evidence of his claim, the Court must entertain it, or they must listen to a creditor suing in person. But presently Mr. Mellor had an opportunity of putting a suggestion which may probably prove a spoke in the wheel of the system. It appeared that an agent had 150 debts which he desired to prove, of which the aggregate amount was £30. It also appeared that he had only paid £7. 15s. for these, or about a quarter of the original amount. His Honour here expressed himself rather strongly as to this sort of thing, and Mr. Mellor advanced a very ingenious, and what appears a very good argument against the debt purchasers. He said the Court was a court of equity, so that for a man to recover £20 from someone else he must prove that he had £20 interest in the debt. The High Bailiff said that this course could not apply in judgment summonses. This point does not seem to have been very satisfactorily settled, but Mr. Sowler expressed a strong opinion that the Legislature ought to interfere, and hinted that he was only sitting there as the representative of another gentleman, but would forward the suggestions to the proper quarter.

Now, if there is anything to be said on the other side as to the propriety of buying up debts it amounts to this. It may be an economy of time and labour if one man have the collection of the debts of many

creditors, say 150 of them, instead of the 150 all busying themselves in the matter. So far, so good. But the argument does not go very far. Every man can County Court his own debtor, and obtain expenses if he will, and there are very few people who do not eventually pay up under the screw of the County Court order. But let us ask one question. What sort of trades must those be which can cultivate a number of impecunious customers at the rate of about 4s. a debtor, pocket about 1s., and let an agent pocket all the rest he can get. Surely some of them must be very questionable claims, or the creditor would not be content with so little. The system implies more than we can state here. The agent is nothing but a tyrant and oppressor of the poor, with the court at his back. The County Courts have tremendous powers, but they were hardly intended to be exercised in this way.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE DEANSGATE IMPROVEMENT.

LAST Monday the first brick was moved in connection with this scheme. The practical work of demolition has thus been commenced on the 21st of November, 1870. It will be interesting to note in what era it will be completed: if indeed a general conscription has not before that time been levied, and all of us have not been blown off the face of the earth. It takes only a few days to overthrow an empire. It takes only a few hours to establish a republic. But to widen a street takes several life-times.

CHARITY ON THE BRAIN.

It is becoming painfully obvious that it will be necessary to establish an asylum for the special benefit of those unfortunate corre-pondents of the *Courier*, whose naturally tender heads have been completely overcome by last winter's spasm in favour of the local charities. One of the saddest cases which the institution would have to take under its care would be that of the correspondent who suggests an annual ball in aid of the local hospitals. We have now had suggested an annual collection and an annual ball. Why not an annual bazaar, also an annual concert, at the same time an annual dramatic performance, and while we are about it, an annual athletic festival? We could not pauperize the institutions we desire to aid more surely and more speedily than by adopting all these courses. That they should be suggested is one of the emasculating effects of what is called charity. People are just beginning to perceive that such portion of the money that they have subscribed so liberally to the "sick and wounded" business—the "red cross" infatuation—as has not gone towards the entertainment of their paid agents in continental bar parlours, has gone towards the assistance of belligerents and the maintenance of war. We hope the lesson is not lost upon them. It should teach them that the charity of almsgiving is a very dangerous virtue.

MR. CHARLES CALVERT.

A rumour has been going about that Mr. Calvert has taken the Lyceum Theatre, London, for Shakesperian revivals. The Lyceum Theatre has been engaged by an opera company for the present, and still advertises for a tenant after Easter. It is thus a safe presumption that there is no truth in the report.

WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

It is becoming a serious question whether the press is not as great a curse as a blessing. It is simply disgusting to note the avidity with which the papers—all alike, Conservative or Liberal, or both, or neither—pounce upon the opportunity of dragging us into a war. Of course, they all profess to be quite grieved, and shocked, and outraged, at the prospect; but it is not difficult to see that they are nearly all as pleased as Punch. People, in general, are bloodthirsty enough, but they are not so much so as newspaper writers, who are almost as bad as parsons. What good end, we should like to know, is served by the publication of the cheerful programme sketched out in last week's *Spectator*—Prussia to keep France down with one hand, with the other to aid Russia in subduing Austria and Turkey, while America fights England. The invasion of Canada would be a matter of the merest course; while another Indian mutiny would pleasantly fill up the interstices. To talk in this way, when it is quite an open question whether there will be an occasion for any war on our part whatsoever, is infatuation. Men continually pride themselves on their superiority to brutes, and yet they seize every opportunity that offers of showing that they possess the latter's most repulsive attributes. First shedding maudlin tears over the sick and wounded of another land, they hail with ill-suppressed delight the prospect of our having sick and wounded of our own, and do their very utmost to convert an ugly possibility into a frightful fact.

AGAIN, THOSE CROSSING-SWEEPS?

Another rumour has been current that some gentlemen who have taken the shoe-blacks under their protection, contemplate providing them with occupation for the winter by organizing them into a regular brigade of crossing-sweeps. We hope that there is no foundation for the rumour. As regards the lads themselves, such a proceeding would be simply educating them into professional mendicancy: and, as regards the public, it would be reviving an exploded nuisance. The project, put into exasperating practice last year by an institution that ought to have known better, had to be abandoned. The same result ought to follow again. We hope that on the very first symptoms of this rumoured outbreak the Corporation will vindicate its ability to mind its own business by suffering there to be no dirty crossings to be swept. Indeed, it might attend a little better to its duties, even in the present absence of an opposition. The crossings are permitted to be in a filthy state.

GYMNASTICS AT THE ATHENÆUM.

The low roofed, cavernous room, formerly used as the library at the Athenæum, but now alternately doing duty as a concert room, a theatre, and a gymnasium, was crowded on Friday night last to witness the opening performance of the Gymnastic Club. There is an obvious difficulty in introducing into these entertainments any stirring element of originality. One successful assault-at-arms bears the very strongest resemblance to others, both in the feats attempted, and in the manner of attempting them; thus, though there was a considerable admixture of new faces on the platform, there was little that was new in the performance itself, and no very obvious improvement on what has often been seen before on similar occasions. A curious feature about these "assaults" is the special fondness of the audience for those achievements which appeal to their pugnacious tendencies. The quieter feats with dumb bells and Indian clubs—good enough in themselves, but without any special claim to the active sympathies of the audience—were comparatively disregarded, whilst anything which assumed the shape of personal assault was essentially popular; thus, the fencing—very good of its kind—sabre *v.* sabre, and quarter-staff exercises were very much enjoyed, especially when some or other of the performers came ignominiously to grief. Boxing, as is always the case on similar occasions, was a tremendous favourite. Though not particularly scientific, what was wanting in science was amply allowed for by the earnestness with which each candidate strove to administer condign punishment to the other. The ferocity of face assumed by one of the boxers would have effectually daunted any ordinary mortal, but did not save him from severe chastisement. But the triumph of the evening was gained by what was graphically called in the programme a single stick mêlée. The shouts of applause and laughter which arose as the combatants, pursuing after each other across the stage, joined battle, fixing themselves in a cluster, struck and hacked each other till exhausted, may have been sufficient recompense for the chances which must be afforded by such delicate exercises of receiving disagreeable blows.

ATHENÆUM THEATRICALS.

The opening performances of the Athenæum Dramatic Reading Society, last week, was no less successful than these entertainments have previously been. The choice of the play—Buckstone's *Married Life*, a comedy in name, in reality more nearly resembling a farce, in three acts—was a little bold. All the ability of the Haymarket Company has never made the piece more than ordinarily successful at the theatre. The result proved, however, that those on whom the

responsibility rested understood their own powers, or better, perhaps, the the critical faculty of their audience. Criticism of amateur performances is generally deprecated, probably because they allow so much room for severe handling. It is nothing derogatory to say that the Athenæum actors could not in most instances be mistaken for professionals. As amateurs, they are unquestionably excellent. The fundamental difficulties, which always beset, and generally overpower, such players, which betray themselves in sudden loss of memory and self-possession, have been satisfactorily overcome. Each actor was sufficiently master of the words of his part, and of himself, to attempt, and more or less successfully to maintain, the distinct individuality of his character. Mr. Cavanah's experience and cleverness ensured a successful delineation of the little eccentricities of Mr. Dove, and Mr. Dismal's representative never allowed that cheerful personage to lose any of the intense lugubriousness of physiognomy and speech which characterize him. The whole performance went quickly and pleasantly. But it is not the actors and their acting which present the most extraordinary phenomena to an observer. The most wonderful feature of these affairs is the audience itself. Surely for infinite jollity and boundless good humour there never were such assemblages. For the comparatively lifeless performances at the adjoining theatres such appreciative listeners would be invaluable. The actors naturally feel the influence of this heartiness. The chances are that the severest critic will in the end be affected by it, and will find himself laughing, if only for very sympathy, with his neighbours.

THE ACCIDENT ROOM AT THE INFIRMARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—The other day I had occasion to accompany an injured friend to the Infirmary, and into its Accident Room, when a scene of the most perfect disorder met our eyes, a scene suggestive of anything rather than the relief of suffering humanity. The room was empty—as to patients—but the number of dirty bandages, old dressings, bits of plaster, and the like, scattered about the floor and seats, gave one the idea that all the wounds in Manchester had just presented themselves for dressing, and had instantly vanished, leaving all dressings behind them, so thoroughly was the idea of half-completed work given. A small table in the room was covered with earthenware bottles, containing lotions, I presume; and cups half full of liquids of divers colours, also lotions, I presume. A desk standing near, and even the mantel-piece, were likewise littered with various things. My friend, on asking for a drink, was presented with a vessel, the unclean condition of which beggars description. Two questions naturally present themselves: Is this the ordinary state of affairs in the accident-room, and why cannot boxes be provided in which to put the used dressings and other litter? Ten minutes in this room after the departure of the bulk of the patients would be well spent, attention being paid to the condition of the slopstone in the corner, and to the bowls on it, and to any vessel that is liable to be used as a drinking vessel for an already sick and fainting patient.—Yours, truly,

HUMANITY.

Manchester, Nov 21.

THE SCHOOL BOARD SCRAMBLE.

AFTER the manner of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we give a concise summary of the course of conduct that would in all probability be pursued by several of the candidates who were at the recent scuffle scrambled for.

ROBERT RUMNEY, MANUFACTURING CHEMIST—
Would have all the children taught that there is nothing in the world so healthy and invigorating as a downright good stink—that the manufacture of chemicals of an abominable odour is the very best thing that there could be for neighbouring vegetation—that wherever a peculiarly luxuriant foliage is desired a chemical manufactory should immediately be started; and that, as a general rule, the nearer a public park is to a gas works the better it is for the park.

WILLIAM ROMAINE CALLENDER, JUNR., MERCHANT—
Would give a thoroughly religious education to the children, paying particular attention to the history and geography of Palestine—a lecture on which subject should be annually delivered by himself.

JOHN MARSLAND BENNETT, MERCHANT—
Would have the children of Manchester given to understand that they must have nothing to do with the children of Salford—that they must on no account use any of the knowledge acquired at the expense of the city of Manchester in benefiting the borough of Salford—and that the river Irwell, so far from injuring Manchester with foulness, was the cause of the recent medical complaint that the water of Manchester was too pure for the good of the health.

LYDIA ERNESTINE BECKER, LADY—
Would personally instruct the little girls that one woman is as good as two men, and a great deal better—and that it is the right of every woman who has the misfortune to be married to have all the profits of her husband's business, while he bears the losses.

THOMAS DALE, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR—
Would particularly direct the attention of all the young ideas under the care of the board to the unrivalled excellencies of "Maw's Imperishable Tiles."

PETER ROYLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Would have the children made thoroughly conversant with such portion of our English History as relates to the visit of the Belgian Volunteers, and the important part played in the ceremonies of their entertainment by one of England's great men.

RICHARD HAWORTH, MERCHANT—
Would have the infant minds committed to the guardianship of the board made thoroughly conversant with the text and operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WALKER, M.A., HIGH MASTER MAN. GRAM. SCHOOL.
Would have all the children taught that when a man's dead he is done for—that his most solemn injunctions as to his own money should be set at naught—that the dearest wish of his heart should be violated at his own expense—that his trustees may do whatever they like with the property he has entrusted to their care—that the word which is the key-note of his will, should be struck from the title of his foundation—that robbery in the cause of education is a virtue—and that to know Latin and Greek is the end and aim of a truly Christian life.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE CHURCHWARDEN.

"WHEN last I took my pen in hand" used in former days to be the ordinary preamble with unaccustomed scribes, as if it were an unusual method of literary labour which was occasionally conducted by means of a pen not in your hand but in your nostrils or between your teeth or your toes. I remember it just now, because latterly my pen—that eccentric instrument with which I have sketched in "Natural History," has not been in hand, and because I have been elected a Churchwarden and have had to do with staves and silver nobs instead of with pens. The assumption of this ecclesiastical dignity has been environed with much trouble, not so much by reason of my having forgotten the church catechism and the ten commandments (in words not in spirit) but rather in consequence of my not being able to fix exactly in my mind what was the precise character of my subordinates, the sidesmen, whose precise position I could not fix, but who bothered me as intoxicates are puzzled sometimes with their latch-keys in the domestic key-holes.

The sidesmen occurred to me, not unnaturally at first, as persons who took an oblique view of Church matters, and who could not be got to confront the same except in a condition of chronic strabismus, or enduring squint; who could not, therefore, give that single-eye service to the faith which is an essential element in the Church militant, but who essayed to look round corners in a mis-begotten and misbehaving fashion. Similarly thereafter I regarded them as people indisposed to the main line of orthodoxy, and madly predisposed to shunt on to insane sidings, and there to remain in fatuous obstinacy, and to

refuse to be moved or to be comforted. I am still dubious about sidesmen, as a class, but as my own sidesman, or junior, is a decent little fellow, with no extreme leanings that I can gather, except that of bunging up his nose with snuff whenever he is released from responses, and who is constantly ducking down his head in the pew for the purpose of charging both barrels with dreadful snorts, I accept him as the type of his class, without too curiously enquiring what the dickens it is all about.

It seems to me for all purposes of self-examination of far more importance that I should know what my vocation is as a churchwarden, than that I should burden myself with that of the sidesman. "Know thyself," is a salutary maxim, as important as that of the admitted superiority of a bird in the hand to a bird in the bush; but if I were to tell you that I had at this moment a clear conception of what I am as a churchwarden, I feel that I should be palming off upon you a lengthy branch of the tree of imposition. It is true that hitherto I have not marched very far into the bowels of this dignity, my assumption of the office having been so recent. In all probability, therefore, I ought to have waited some time longer before attempting to limn its principal features. Still I wanted you to know that *I am a churchwarden*, which cannot but be an advantage in a literary point of view, as it tends to mellow one's observations, though they are at present only wort, and not old ale as they will be one day when I have been longer in the barrel. Longer in the barrel is a figurative expression, and must not be read as referent to my physical tabernacle. My readers must please be careful not to be led away by isolated passages. If they will not read me with the context, I must decline to be answerable for the consequences. This was what the Solicitor General said the other day, when he, as a lawyer, was interpreting the 39 articles for the Lords of the Privy Council, in the Voysey case; and this is no doubt what Mr. Jordan, or Mr. Bennett of the Police Court, will say when he has torectify the Temple of Divinity by the lights of the other Temple by the Thames. The best cure now-a-days for the maladies of the National Church is to stuff her mouth full of legal horse-hair, and to get the archbishops to watch the operation in silence.

I shall give you my first Sunday's work as a churchwarden. I rose early and shaved, but that is immaterial. I made a hearty breakfast, and grasped the ecclesiastical staff of my office with a firm hand, brandishing it lightly over the heads of my family, until my eldest son, imagining in truth that this exercise was a menace, took up the breakfast-room poker, and exclaimed, "Now, sir, come on!" *My* blood was up, and, though I knew it was wrong, yet I made just one prod at the urchin with the nobby end of the stave, which was blunt and smooth to the stomach, and which I thought would seal him, so to speak, to the wall; but before I could accomplish my fell intent, the lithsome youth had smote the nob of the stave with the poker with such crushing effect that I really thought it must have come off. So a truce was called, and I sallied out, having previously covered the nob with green baize, which gave the stave the aspect of a musical wind instrument. I hung about the church door in a loose manner for some time, like the beadle of the Burlington Arcade; and then going to my official seat, planted the stave in a socket, where it had an uncompromising appearance, as if the onslaughts of Dissent would be welcome, and would be appreciated as they deserve. Having taken a pinch of snuff with the little sidesman, which brought the blood into my head and into my ears so that I could scarcely see, I acknowledged the amenity with a sneeze which shook the sacred edifice and my own system to its centre. But at this moment the organist, with great presence of mind, took up the cannonading and covered my retreat by a voluntary, so that I was in a position to blow my nose with comparative deliberation. I had forgotten to take the large covering from the nob of the stave, so that it looked rather Fenian and Shan-Van-Voightish; but I do not trouble you with details, because, as we had very soon to look up the public-houses in the neighbourhood, the "wearing of the green" was of little consequence. The raillery and disaffection that I met with from the knots of rustics who were enjoying the Day of Rest in the turnpike road, and waiting to go in and drink again, I shall not easily forget whilst memory holds her seat. The truculent grimaces of these rustics, their gestures and their language, indicated only too emphatically how warm the feeling of Lancashire people is towards our dear old Church. The demeanour of the proprietors of the Sunday hostelries was equally pleasing, and I must do justice to the landladies, particularly as discharging a baleful hatred from their eyes peculiar to lovely woman when overheated with animosity. If you have ever taken up a stone to throw at a dog, and observed the expression of his tail as he careers away, I have no doubt the backs of the necks of myself and brethren as we emerged from these hostelries would have reminded you of that dog.

On this particular Sunday there was to be a collection after the service, for the Lapland and Train-Oil Mission, and I had to go round with a plate. It was only nominally a plate, but rather an implement like a spittoon at the end of a stick, with a small hole, so that your right hand might not know what your left had given. This delicate attention was made available by a young gentlemens' school for the insertion of buttons, peppermint lozenges, and other spurious contributions. I mention this collection because I made it, on my own part, with a sort of apologetic feeling, as I could easily perceive from the faces of many of the congregation that they had an impression that I should keep the money myself. All this time the officiating clergyman was reading little bits of the offertory service, partly to show that Mammon was Mammon as long as it was in your pockets, but an unalloyed blessing when converted into train oil.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

THE annual report lately issued by the committee of the Free Library is satisfactory. It shows an increase in the number of books issued, and also in the useful qualities of the works most in demand. It is gratifying also to learn that branches of the parent institution in Camp Field are likely to be formed, besides those already established in Hulme, Ancoats, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Rochdale Road, and Salford. The Greengate library and newsroom were opened a fortnight ago, and promise to become an immense boon to the neighbourhood. The library is not yet in order, and donations of books will be thankfully received; but the newsroom has been already extensively used. Hitherto the working people of this densely-populated neighbourhood have had no place of the kind to resort to. Back courts and streets swarm with a population of operatives, most of whom have to live in dwellings of the worst description. On fine Sundays, glad to escape from their miserable courts and alleys, they turn out and bask in the blinking sunshine and balmy November breezes of Greengate. This is particularly the case during the hours of divine service, when the public-houses and beershops are closed; for as soon as these legalized places of accommodation open, the streets rapidly empty, and the two policemen's duty becomes a sinecure. Within fifty yards of the Greengate Free Library, there are at least a dozen spirit vaults, public-houses and beer-shops, all of which on Sunday evenings, from five o'clock until eleven p.m., are a-blaze with gas, and present a meretricious glow of comfort from the outside, by way of invitation to enter and be made comfortable by light and warmth within. But the doors of the Free Library are kept scrupulously closed.

This is surely an anomalous state of things. Here are we making strenuous exertions to open the door of instruction and education with one hand, while we are systematically closing them with the other. If

there is anything objectionable or wrong in a newsroom or library, containing good moral books, magazines, and newspapers, being kept open on Sunday or a portion of that day, why are the Royal Exchange, the Portico, the Athenæum, and nearly all the clubs open for many hours on Sundays? The Free Library is essentially the poor man's club, and a very excellent club, too, where he can quietly pass an hour or two reading in a lofty and well-ventilated apartment, but according to existing regulations he is debarred from such occupation on about the only day of the week when he really has time, and is not too fatigued in body and mind to undertake and enjoy such recreation and mode of instruction.

We suppose, as usual, some people would object, and say, "O this would never do; it might keep him away from church!" We don't believe that the various churches and chapels would be at all less attended were the free libraries open on Sunday evenings, and we are convinced that they would lessen, or, at at all events prevent the increase of, attendance at the public-houses. Church-going is not the be-all and the end-all of human existence, although, as we have already said, more than once, it is worthy of all encouragement as a means to an end. There are hundreds and hundreds of hard-working men of all classes, who seldom or never go to church at all, for some reason or other, and if churches and chapels have partially failed, as everyone must admit who looks at the empty places of worship in the midst of crowded and populous neighbourhoods, we believe that the opening of the free libraries and news-rooms would prove the best rival to the seductions of the gin shops, and the most powerful auxiliary which the Church could have.

PRESTWICH CHURCH.

A HALF HOUR WITH THE EPITAPHS.

"WHY, sir, shouldn't widowers sometimes be prayed for as well as widows?"

"Bless the boy, but that's a singular question. Why do you ask?"

"Because, sir, all the time the Litany was going on I had some difficulty in keeping my eyes from a faded inscription on the floor of our pew, especially when we came to the prayer for the fatherless children and widows."

"What's the boy talking about?"

"About an epitaph that was under our feet. You didn't see it, sir!"

"No, lad; what did it say?"

"Oh not very much, but it said it in such a strange way, and with ever so many notes of admiration."

"Well?"

"It said—

In memory of
Delia, who died April 20th, 1809.
Aged 23 years.
Delia! Thy *Friends*, Thy *Relations*,
Thy HUSBAND! mourn Thee!!!

Now, we ourselves had not observed this particular inscription, but nevertheless, from our knowledge of the burial records of Prestwich Church, we were able to satisfy the curiosity of the boy Ascanius, while we managed to shirk giving an answer to his puzzling question. Delia meant Delia Fortescue, and Delie Fortescue became the wife of one of the curates of Prestwich, the Rev. William Barnett, who, at her death, gave up his curacy and sought consolation in foreign travel. He continued abroad many years, in fact all his life, for he finally settled in Vienna, where the widower died and was buried. So true he was to his first tears.

Making our way to the chancel, the young Ascanius called our attention to another and similar lament,—except that in this instance the widower was inconsolable—not in his mother tongue, but in Latin. This epitaph was in memory of Mrs. Ann Assheton Allen, wife of one of the earlier rectors of the parish. The lad read the lines aloud, but his criticism did not extend beyond announcing that he didn't detect any "false quantities." The lines ran as follows:—

Deserit Anna virum, natos, natas, et amicos,
Sancta, fidelis, amans, fœmina, sponsa, parens.
Hen propere nimium contendit scandere Olympum;
Sed locus est illâ dignus, et illa loco.

Being now in a somewhat curious mood we resolved to search for some record of that very particular Mrs. Foefield, whose widower, as we remarked in a previous paper, was fined £2. 10s. "ffor burynge his wife in linnen," in contravention of the statute in that case made and provided. Though our search was in vain, we were still indebted to it for being reminded during our quest of Pope's clever sarcasm, which is worth reproducing here, in illustration of the feminine dislike inspired in his days by the "Act of Parliament for the better Protection of the woollen trade." The lines occur in the celebrated epistle on "Characters of Men," and a dreadfully satirical epitaph they would have made. Here they are:—

Odious! *in woollen!* 'twould a saint provoke
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
No, let a charming *chintz* and *Brussels lace*
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty! give this cheek a little red!

But by the time we had approached the vestry door, our involuntary admiration of the spitefullest wit of his day was brought to a full stop by a glance at a rudely sculptured stone, that seemed just then to bear one of the saddest and least artificial inscriptions we had ever seen. The date was 1641, and this was the tale it told:—

Heere Lyeth the Bodies of the Children of Thomas Collier (Richard Mary John and Martha) who were buried Be Twixt The First and Twelfth of December A°. Dmi 1641.

And near the south-west door we came upon the grave of a genuine "Lancashire Worthy," no other than the founder of the Blue Coat School at Oldham, and of the Blind Asylum at Old Trafford—THOMAS HENSHAW.

Having inspected the principal memorials of interest in the body of the church, we proceeded to take note of the two chapels; namely, the Lever Chapel, and the Wilton Chapel. Both of these chapels, according to Canon Baines, existed so long ago as 1561, when, on the death of Sir Robert Langley, they passed, in marriage, to his daughters and co-heiresses—the one now known as the Wilton Chapel, to the Asshetons, of Chadderton; and the other, since designated the Lever Chapel, to the Leghs, of Lyme. As to the Lever family, it is of some interest to remark that in an old plan of Manchaster, the site now occupied by the "White Bear" is denominated as "Mrs. Lever's House;" and that, what is now known as Piccadilly, was formerly called "Lever's Row." Great and little Lever Streets were not then in existence. It is also worth recording that among the many representatives of the Lever family buried at Prestwich, there is one Sir Roger Assheton Lever, who appears to have been taken suddenly ill in Manchester, whence he was not conveyed alive. He died at the Bull's Head, February 1, 1788. Any reader who is curious in matters of Lancashire costume at that period, will be interested in learning, from a description which has come down to us from a contemporary, that the last time Sir Roger came to Manchester, "he was wearing a coat of green trimmed with gold, had on a round, plain, green hat, without loops; leather breeches, and white ribbed worsted stockings." His body was followed to its resting place, at Prestwich, by a long train of private carriages, and a large number of mourners.

In the Hilton Chapel, as may be supposed, we found a large number of monuments and tablets relating to the Hilton family. Among the conspicuous objects we observed a genealogical achievement, known to heralds as a *cumulatio armorum*, relating to the family of the Egertons. It exhibits the principal matrimonial alliances of that family since 1684. It consists of a shield, divided into twenty different areas or quarterings, in each of which is placed a separate coat of arms. The most noteworthy of the tablets relates to a young Sir Edward Egerton, a young man of much promise, described in a lengthy Latin eulogium far above the academical standard, as *dilectissimus juvenis, omnibus urbanus; aspectu, incessu, sermone, juxta, amabilis; supra sexum venustus, supra ætatem prudens*—all which means that he was a very loveable young fellow, and that you saw as much by the way he looked, walked, and talked, and that he was gifted with more than his sex's beauty, and was wiser than his years. He died at twenty-five.

After quitting the church we strolled for a few minutes about the graveyard outside, but observed few records of any special interest, whether on the score of antiquity or for any other sake. Amongst these few, however, was one stone, a glance at which was sufficient to induce us to pause and read. "*Siste, viator!*" Here is the grave of Mrs.

Charles Young, the wife of the accomplished tragedian, whose classical performances at Old Drury still live in the memories and on the tongues of *laudatores temporis acti*. Indeed, there are some old Prestwich villagers yet alive with whom the story of this lady's early death is something more than a tradition. It seems that in 1806 Mrs. Young accompanied her husband to play an engagement in Manchester, and during their professional stay here, they visited Prestwich. The still youthful wife was charmed with the picturesque beauty of the churchyard, and she pointed out a particular spot that best approved itself to her liking for the beautiful. Short as was their stay in this city, she did not live to leave Manchester, and she was buried in the grave of her own choosing. Here it is—under the shelter of this spreading, though unshading beech. The stone that marks the spot bears the following inscription from the pen of Mr. Aston, a friend of her husband's, and editor of the then *Manchester Exchange Herald* :—

In this grave are the remains of Julia Anna, wife of Charles Mayne Young, Esq., She died July 11, 1806, aged 21 years.

Nought is so easy as fictitious praise;
Ideal virtues call forth latent wit;
Imagination high we then may raise,
For who can say th' eulogium is not fit?
But when an object eminently good,
Try'd in the furnace of the world's ordeal—
Who'd all th' temptation of that world withstood,
And bore upon her heart strict Virtue's seal—
Calls forth the tribute verse, 'tis hard to draw
The lovely portrait, lest some sceptic voice
Should say we violate truth's sacred law,
Though Truth herself of every phrase make choice.
Such is the case with them who wish to paint
In honest verse devoid of flattery's leaven;
Her who is now, so pure she was, a saint
Unchang'd an angel—JULIA still—in Heaven.

THE SPREAD OF SCARLATINA.

THE discussion of subjects more properly fitted for the pages of a medical journal in the *Sphinx* is naturally distasteful to us, but the epidemic of scarlet fever now raging over the length and breadth of the land, has become so virulent as to compel the attention of everyone to the great danger, and to justify all attempts that may be made to limit the contagion from it. We desire only to make known such preventive measures against infection as are requisite for the safety of the healthy, though the poison of scarlatina is so subtle and the means by which it may be propagated so manifold, that we cannot, do what we will, always stay it. As an example of this we may mention that a case is on record where 17 persons, one after another, notwithstanding all preventive measures, took scarlatina, which in its first instance was conveyed into the town by a milk boy, who brought the milk from a farm where the disease was, at the time, prevailing. It is now thoroughly understood that the *materies morbi* is mainly, if not solely, obtained from the body of the fever stricken patient, and that all emanations from that body are waiting only for contact with healthy tissues to become in themselves so many reproducing centres of infection. And one of the greatest of all means for spreading infection is the laundress. The linen from the bed of the patient is sent away to be washed by a woman who has in her hands at the time the washing from several, or it may be many, families. The infected and the unclean bear each other company for a few days, and then astonishment is felt in some family at an outbreak of scarlet fever where nothing of the kind was dreamt of, where all was supposed to be healthy and clean. This very great danger would be avoided by the free use of carbolic acid to the clothing and surroundings of the patient, and by isolation of all infected linen for some days. Another danger and source of contagion, too often overlooked, is the too early association of the convalescent with his friends, as the period of convalescence is a period of the greatest danger to the community, and one that ought to be strongly guarded against. On the appearance of a case at all simulating scarlet fever, medical advice should be at once sought. This we cannot too strongly insist upon. Attention must be paid to the ventilation of the infected house; all unnecessary contact of its inmates with the public must be strictly forbidden; proper means must be taken for the disinfection and speedy removal of the clothing of the patient; the isolation of the invalid must be insisted on; the visits of all friends must be forbidden, and efficient means must be taken for the speedy removal of the dead. If these measures are generally adopted we shall look for a speedy diminution of the disease, which promises to be as fatal during this epidemic as it was in the one in 1863-4, when in England alone it destroyed more than 60,000 persons. We may mention in conclusion the dangers of any correspondence by letter with an infected house or person, as scarlatina has frequently been propagated even in this manner.

CYNICAL APHORISMS.

A lie and a racehorse should be backed to lose.

The man with both hands full always wants to scratch his nose.

Virtue is least difficult when Vice is least practicable.

"Confound your precedence," said the man who was going to be hanged.

When a man finds *himself* out in a meanness, he need not go far to to be despised.

The most modest man is vain of a little undeserved misfortune.

Spoil the rod and spare the child.

The birch twig of youth is the upas tree of maturity.

You punish a child for its ignorance, a man for what he has learned.

The fear of a rod may drive a dunce to school, but twenty floggings cannot make him think.

The parent of a martinet is the grand-dad of a rip.

A man is respected for what you don't know of him.

The drowning man will catch at his best friend.

Position is specific gravity; rottenness only comes to the top deciduously.

In one half knave, half fool, folly gains dignity.

Resignation under the pressure of prosperity, and a wise moderation in the enjoyment of afflictions, are the true safe-guards of happiness.

ONE OF THE SCHOOL-BOARD CANDIDATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Mr. P. B. Ferguson was the first of the candidates to issue an address soliciting election as a member of the new School Board for Manchester. In two sentences out of six in this address he manages to run foul of Lindley Murray. Thus, he says:—"I hold it to be the right of every child to receive such an education as shall fit *him* or *her* for the battle of life, and enable *him* or *her* to earn their bread." The concluding sentence of the address is: "If you approve of them (his views), frankly I ask you to vote for me; and, as your representative, I will freely give *my* time and *my* abilities to the efficient education and moral training of the children of your city, at the least possible cost to yourselves." Does the candidate mean that he will give his time and his abilities at the least possible cost? If we are to value his abilities by his grammar they should be had cheap. Mr. Ferguson has heretofore been unknown to fame, except as the member of the Chamber of Commerce, of whom Mr. Fox Turner said, "that he had had a bad attack of the rinderpest, of which the chief symptoms were prominence of cheek and protrusion of the tongue."—I am, sir, yours,

AN ELECTOR.

SHAKESPERIANA.—Shakespere's company of actors visited Bristol in the summer of the year 1597. For this pleasant little discovery we are indebted to Mr. Halliwell, who has just concluded an examination of the municipal archives of the city, in search of materials for his forthcoming work on the early English stage.

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Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle; requires NO PREPARED PAPER.

THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars, Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials :—

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly.

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithograpl Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

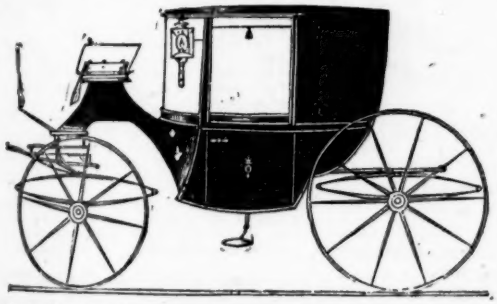
Sold in Manchester only by J. G. KERSHAW & CO.,

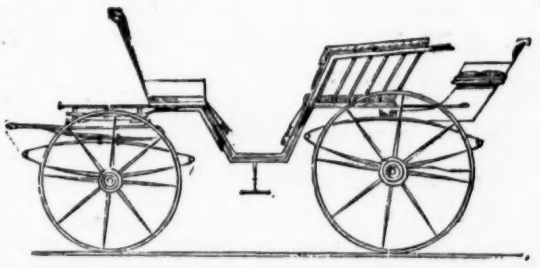
Lithographers and Letterpress Printers, Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

37, OXFORD STREET AND PORTLAND STREET.

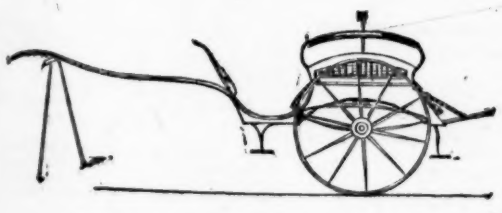
JOHN ROBERTS,

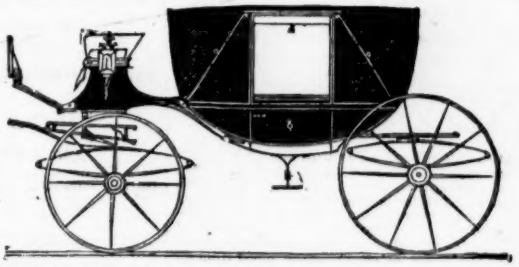
STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned Materials, and skilled Workmanship.

ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. **KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES,** 70. DEANSGATE.

GO TO
WILLIAM LORD,
15, PICCADILLY,
FOR
PARAFFIN
AND
PETROLEUM LAMPS,
Of the newest Styles, and best quality.

CAUTION.—MERCHANDISE MARKS ACT, 1862.—Whereas, Messrs. JOHN SAMUELS and Co., of Portland Street, Manchester, have adopted and acquired a legal right to use as a TRADE MARK, for a certain description of white goods, a representation of the Great Eastern steamship, with two small sailing boats close to, underneath the same being the words, "Trade Mark," and below, "Great Eastern." Notice is hereby given that proceedings will be taken under the above-named Act against any person or persons forging, counterfeiting, or in any wise imitating the said mark.
E. J. HUGHES,
Office for Patents, 39, Blackfriars Street, Manchester,
Agent for the said John Samuels and Co.

BROWN'S COTTON GLANCE.—The above Circular is published every Monday, and may be had of the Author at a charge of Two-and-a-Half Guineas per annum, payable half-yearly in advance W. L. BROWN,
27, Fitzclarence Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
CHAMBERS & CO.,
TAILORS AND DRAPERS.
Have REMOVED from 25, OLD MILLGATE to No. 24, OPPOSITE, to much larger and more eligible premises October 11th 1870.
The latest FASHIONS from Paris to be seen at this Establishment.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE
AND
GARDENS.
BAND
Every Monday, Wednesday & Saturday.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE,
NO EXTRA CHARGE.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.
Unrivalled for Family Use.
Noiseless in Movement: Easy in Management.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,
Deansgate, Police-st., and St. Ann's-st., Manchester.

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Impurities of the Blood.—To ensure health it is absolutely necessary that the fluids and solids of the human body should be kept free from those impurities which are continually gaining admission to the system by erroneous living, unwholesome atmosphere, or disordered stomach. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, at the same time removing any irregularities, which their presence may have already produced. Holloway's Pills expel all humours which taint or impoverish the blood, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young or old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficent effects.

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THE NEW REGISTERED
CABINET OF GAMES
CONTAINS:
Whist, Bezique, Chess, Drafts, Dominoes,
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Descriptive Price Lists Post Free.
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14, EXCHANGE STREET.
THE EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS DRAWINGS,
comprising upwards of 350 Examples of Modern Water-colour Art,
IS NOW OPEN
from ten to four daily; Saturdays, ten to two.
Admission, including Catalogue,
ONE SHILLING.

COOKE'S
ROYAL CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGE HOUSE,
13A, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER,
Nearly opposite, and to the right of the Prince's Theatre.
SAUSAGE AND MASHED POTATOES
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ALWAYS READY.
Served in the London style, and in half a minute from the time of ordering.
Allsopp's Mild and Bitter Ales, Combe and Co's London Stout. Wines, Cigars, Tea, Coffee, &c.

GRAND AFTERNOON BILLIARD
ENTERTAINMENT,
Under the Patronage of
The Earl and Countess of WILTON,
The Earl and Countess of ELLESMERE,
Sir HUMPHREY & Lady ANNETTE DE TRAFFORD
Colonel SHUTE and OFFICERS of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and
Colonel BALL and OFFICERS of the 8th (King's Own) Regiment,
has been arranged by Messrs. Orme & Sons, to take place in the
TOWN HALL, KING STREET,
on Wednesday, December 7, between
Mr. J. ROBERTS, Jun., Champion, & Mr. W. COOK, ex-Champion.
There will also be
AN EVENING MATCH.
On the following day Two Similar Matches will be played between
Mr. BENNETT,
of London, and the Winner of the previous day.
Arrangements will be made for the presence of ladies at the matches similar to those at the last matches in the Free-trade Hall.
Plans can be seen, and places secured, on and after the 10th instant, at Messrs. ORME & SONS', billiard table makers, 7, St Ann-street.

SHOW ROOMS for PRESENTS.
WORK BOXES, DRESSING CASES;
DESKS, ALBUMS;
INKSTANDS, RUGS;
And every variety of
FANCY ARTICLES.
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
PURSES, BOOK SLIDES, WORK CASES, WRITING CASES, BLOTTERS, CARD CASES, CIGAR CASES, &c.
MUSICAL ALBUMS, FROM 17/-
MUSICAL ALBUMS.
Playing the most popular tunes,
17s. 6d. to £17. 10s.
OWEN'S {1, OLDHAM STREET, AND 80, DEANSGATE.
PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.
CHESS, DRAFTS, CARDS, DOMINOES, BEZIQUE, AUNT SALLY, SQUAILS, MOORISH FORT, CANNONADE, AND BAGATELLE TABLES.
CHRISTMAS GAMES.
Shop, Happy Families, The Bride, Hunting the Hare, Spider and Fly, and 30 other NEW CARD GAMES, At 1s.; Post Free, 2s.
BAGATELLE TABLES,
Best Quality, from 35s. to £18, 18s.
Descriptive List Post Free.
The Largest Stock of GAMES in Manchester.
Write for New List.

LIFE POLICY HOLDERS protected against loss by the investment of the whole of their Net Premiums in Government Securities deposited in the Bank of England.
The full amount of the surrender value of the Policy may also be obtained on demand, each Policy being convertible into gold for the temporary use of the Policy-holder, if required. These Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited.
This perfect and equitable plan of Life Assurance was originally prepared by Dr. William Farr, F.R.S., &c., General Register Office, Somerset House, and submitted to Her Majesty's Government, who adopted the principle (with some modification) through the medium of the Post Office.
The basis of all just and safe Life Insurance transactions is a true Life Table. In calculating the Premiums, the English Life Tables published under the authority of the Registrar-General for England are employed.
Trustees of the Policy Holders' Life Funds:
Christopher Weguelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, London.
Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank, London.
Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons; Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.
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BROWN STREET and MARSDEN STREET
MANCHESTER.

All communications relative to Advertisements are to be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 55, Thompson Street, Shakespere Street, Ardwick Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.

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SEWING SILKS, THREADS, COTTON, NEEDLE, OIL, AND EVERY REQUISITE FOR SEWING MACHINES. REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
J. HOLROYD, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, 159, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULME.

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